

AN
APOLOGY
TO THE
LADY C-R-T.

On Her Inviting Dean S--F--T
To Dinner; He came accordingly,
but, Her Ladyship being Abroad,
went away: At Her Return, She en-
quired for him; and not hearing of
him, sent the next Day to invite him
again: When he came, he went to
make an APOLOGY, for his going
away, but my Lady wou'd accept of
none but in Verse.

Jonathan Swift



Printed in the Year 1730.

not in the MS.

AN

APOLLO

TO THE

LADY C.R.T.

Her loving Daughter
To Dinner: Her mother accordingly
but their relationship being abroad
went away. As the morning this
joined in the morning and her hearing of
him, but the next day to invite him
again: When he came, he went to
make an apology for his going
away, but her lady would accept of
none but in Venice.

Printed in the Year 1780.



AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, Wise as well Fair,
 Whose Conscience always was her care;
 Thoughtful upon a Point of Moment;
 Wou'd have the Text as well as Comment;
 So hearing of a grave Divine,
 She sent to bid him come and dine.
 But you must know he was not quite
 So grave, as to be unpolite;
 Thought human Learning wou'd not lessen
 The Dignity of his Profession;
 And if you had heard the Man discourse,
 Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse:
 He long had bid the Court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his Cell;
 Suspected for the Love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before;
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now:
 The Message told, he gapes—— and stares,
 And scarce believes his Eyes, or Ears; Could

Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain wou'd hear it told again;
 But then the 'Squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the Honour:
 And wou'd not fail to wait upon her.
 His Beaver brush'd, his Shoes, and Gown,
 Away he trudges into Town;
 Passes the Lower Castle Yard,
 And now advancing to the Guard,
 He trembles at the Thoughts of State;
 For, conscious of his Sheepish Gait,
 His Spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
 He stop'd, and cou'd not tell what ail'd him:

What was the Message I receiv'd;
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd?
 To dine with Her! and come at Three!
 Impossible! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the Word;
 My Lady——it must be my Lord.
 My Lord's Abroad; my Lady too;
 What must the unhppy Doctor do?
Is † Capt. Crach'code here, pray?—— No:
Nay then 'tis time for me to go.
 Am I awake, or do I dream?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my Name;
 Nam'd me as plain as he cou'd speak:
 And yet there must be some Mistake.

† *The Gentleman who brought the Message.*
 Why

Why what a Jest shou'd I have been;
 Had now my Lady been within.
 What cou'd I've said? 'Tm mighty glad
 She went Abroad---She'd thought me mad.
 The Hour of Dining now is past;
 Well then, I'll e'en go home, and fast;
 And since I 'scap'd being made a Scoff,
 I think I'm very fairly off.
 My Lady now returning home
 Calls, *Crack'rode, is the Doctor come?*
 He had not heard of him——Pray see,
 'Tis now a *Quarter* after three.
 The Captain walks about, and searches
 Thro' all the Rooms, and Courts, and Arches;
 Examines all the Servants round,
 In vain---no Doctor's to be found
 My Lady could not chuse but wonder:
 Captain, I fear you've made some Blunder;
 But pray, To-morrow go at Ten,
 I'll Try his Manners once again;
 If Rudeness be the Effect of Knowledge,
 My son shall never see a College.

The Captain was a Man of Reading,
 And much good Sense, as well as Breeding:
 Who, loth to blame, or to incense,
 Said little in his own Defence:
 Next Day another Message brought;
 The Doctor frighten'd at his Fault,
 Is dress'd, and stealing thro' the Crowd,
 Now pale as Death, then blush'd and bow'd;

Painting

Panting--- and faultring--- Humm'd and Ha'd,
Her Ladyship was gone Abroad ;
The Captain too-----he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go.
 Beg'd she'd forgive him ; in Conclusion,
 My Lady, pitying his Confussion,
 Call'd her good Nature to relieve him ;
 Told him, she thought she might believe him ;
 And wou'd not only grant his Suit.
 But visit him, and eat some Fruit ;
 Provided, at a proper Time ;
 He told the real Truth in Rhime.
 'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
 She'd hear of no Excuse in Prose.
 The Doctor stood not to debate,
 Glad to compound at any Rate ;
 So, bowing, seemingly comply'd ;
 Tho' if he durst, he had denied.
 But first resolv'd, to shew his Taste
 Was too refin'd to give a Feast,
 He'd Treat with nothing that was Rare,
 But winding Walks and purer Air ;
 Wou'd entertain without Expence,
 Or Pride, or vain Magnificence ;
 For well he knew, to such a Guest,
 The plainest Mails must be the best :
 To Stomachs clog'd with costly Fare,
 Simplicity alone is rare ;
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious Meats,
 Are really but Vulgar Treats :

Instead

Instead of Spoils of *Persian* Looms,
 The costly Boast of Regal Rooms,
 Thought it more courtly and discreet,
 To scatter Roses at her Feet ;
 Roses of richest Dye, that shone
 With native Lustre like her own ;
 Beauty that needs no Aid of Art,
 Thro' ev'ry Sense to reach the Heart.
 The gracious Dame, tho' well she knew
 All this was much beneath her Due,
 Like'd ev'ry Thing—at least thought fit
 To praise it, *par maniere d' acquit* ;
 But yet, tho' seeming pleas'd, can't bear
 The scorching Sun, or chilling Air ;
 Frighted alike at both Extremes,
 If he displays, or hides his Beams ;
 Tho' seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
 Starts at the Rust'ling of the Trees ;
 Can scarcely speak for want of Breath,
 In half a Walk fatigu'd to Death.
 The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
 To vindicate his late Offence:

- ' Madam, the mighty Pow'r of Use
- ' Now strangely pleads in my Excuse:
- ' If you, unus'd, have scarcely Strength
- ' To move this Walk's untoward Length.
- ' If startled at a Scene so rude,
- ' Thro' long Disuse of Solitude ;
- ' If long confin'd to Fires and Screens,
- ' You dread the waving of these Greens ;

(8)

' If you, who long have breath'd the Fumes
 ' Of City Fogs and crowded Rooms;
 ' Do now solicitiously shun
 ' The cooler Air, and dazzling Sun;
 ' If his Majestick Eye you see,
 ' Learn hence to excuse and pity me.
 ' Consider what it is to bear
 ' The powder'd Courtier's witty Sneer;
 ' To see th' important Men of Dress,
 ' Scoffing my College Aukwardness;
 ' To be the strutting Corner's Sport,
 ' To run the Gauntlet of the Court;
 ' Winning my Way by slow Approaches,
 ' Thro' Crowds of Coxcombs & of Corches;
 ' From the first fierce cockaded Gentry;
 ' Quite thro' the Tribe of waiting Gentry;
 ' To pass so many crowded Stages,
 ' And stand the Staring of your Pages;
 ' And after all, to crown my Spleen,
 ' Be told—— *You are not to be seen:*
 ' Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
 ' The Awe of your Majestick Air;
 ' And can I then be faulty found
 ' In dreading this vexatious Round?
 ' Can it be strange if I eschew
 ' A Scene so glorious and so new?
 ' Or is he criminal that flies
 ' The living Lulure of your Eyes?

FINIS.